WHAT HORACE GREELEY KNOWS

ABOUT

The Democratic Party, from 1841 until 1872, inclusive—His Opinions of the Democratic Organization—Its Intrigues and its Bargains—Its Deceits and its Diplomacy, &c., &c., &c.

What H. G. Knew about Democratic Support of an opponent, in Sept., 1841

"To you, Young Men of New York! your country appeals in this hour of trial but of hope, for a generous and enthusiastic effort. Your gaze is bent hopefully on the Future, not uselessly on the Past. You cannot be made to fancy exclusive Democracy in the servile devotees of Executive Supremacy in Legislation, in the strenuous advocates of Gag-Laws, the deriders of the People's Right of Petition. You cannot look without the loathing of manly natures, on the open alliance, shocking to all decency, of an accident, who has falsified all his pledges and betrayed those who exalted him to power, with a party which he was expressly elected to oppose, but which, finding him hollow and faithless, now fawns around him for the spoils he doles out to them, and are eager to flatter where they cannot but despise."—*Tribune, September* 24.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in February, 1842.

"There is a dry Scotch proverb which says, 'He must have a long spune who sups kail with the deil.' Nine-tenths of the convicted felons, outlaws, fugitives from Justice, and others who have no right to vote in our city, and can never legally acquire any, are attached by an instinctive sympathy to the Loco-Foco party."—*Tribune, February* 12, 1842.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in June, 1843.

"When American Citizens used to gather by hundreds to sing and dance around Hickory Poles, with barrels of whisky rolled out and heads of Beer-Casks stove in—when right here, in the heart of this enlightened emporium, men were seen, after a cask of beer had been poured into the hole where the Pole was to be set in front of Tammany Hall, to lie down and drink it from the ground like hogs—the Kinderhooper saw nothing 'disreputable' then. When American Citizens have been swept away from the Poles of our city with clubs by bands of misguided and excited immigrants, half civilized and maddened with liquor furnished them by party liberality, we had no hint from Mr. Van Buren that such scenes were 'disreputable' or calculated to impair 'the Confidence of mankind in our fitness for free institutions.' When men who felt it their duty to bear testimony against Slavery were mobbed and bludgeoned for peacefully so doing, and the owner of a free press was shot down in his own tenement for guarding his press from destruction by a band of ruffians who chose to suspect that it *would be* used against Slavery, this demagogue could see in it nothing calculated to shake confidence in our fitness for free institutions, but coolly remarked in his Inaugural that a 'reckless disregard of the consequences of their conduct has exposed individuals to popular indignation.'"—*Tribune.*

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in September, 1850.

"We use the term 'Loco-Foco' to designate a certain political creed, whereof exclusive Hard Money, hostility to the Protection of Home Labor, general aversion to Government aid to the improvement of Rivers, Harbors, &c., are the chief articles. The fit motto of this political school is, 'The best Government is that which governs least.' It would, if logically consistent, confine the sphere of Government to punishing criminals and repressing outrage on persons and property. It is a do-nothing, stand-still, anti-social school. We, on the other hand, believe that Government, like every other intelligent agency, is bound to do good to the extent of its ability—that it ought actively to promote and increase the general well-being—that it should encourage and foster Industry, Science, Invention, Intellectual, Social and Physical Progress, as well as provide Prosecuting Attorneys, Constables, and Executioners. Such is our idea of the sphere of Government—such is our conception of the essence and scope of the great questions whereon the Country is Politically divided."—*Tribune, September* 18, 1850.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in February, 1851.

"In the United States a great political party has in times past made the abolition of paper money and an establishment of an exclusive metallic currency its war-cry. That party called itself Democratic, the party of the People. No matter what its pretences, its measures in this respect, as in every other, have had no other tendency than to strengthen the power of money, diminish the reward of Labor, and hand the Masses, unprotected and incapable of resistance, over to the tender mercies of capitalists and usurers."—*Tribune, February* 12, 1851.

What H. G. Knew About the Democratic Party in 1854.

"Our Democracy has now, with a corrupt Christianity, reduced the United States to a great conspirator against human liberty. Aggression, annexation, slave-extension are all contained and approved in the so-called Democracy and so-called Christianity which coalesces with it. We need men—not trading priests, nor trading politicians, nor trading merchants—but men—men who see what Christianity is in its sublime morality, and what Democracy is according to the organic spirit and the political instrument which underlie the whole theory and practice of this Government—the Declaration of Independence, in a word. We need journals—not echoes, not subscriber-hunting, popularity-cherishing organs—but presses of light and liberty. We need advocates of principles and enemies of truckling and corruption. Our great men so-called have failed to reduce a great political truth to practice during this century. They have dallied with the evil. If in the South, they have held with the grip of exasperated avarice to their bondmen; if in the North, they have been careful not to offend their Southern brethren, lest they should not get the regular nomination. And what has all this South done which has so lorded it with her one hundred or two hundred thousand negro-drivers over this country? Where are her superiorities—her arts, or her literature even, except as they come from the North? Where are her chemistry, geology, literature, mechanics, engineering, esthetics—where are her grand efforts to diminish human toil—her steam engines, locomotives, timber-bending, or planing, or sawing, or washing-machines—all this gospel of divine economies for the sweating and sorrowing humanities of thousands of years?"—*Tribune, August* 18, 1854.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in March, 1855.

"This election discloses what the elections elsewhere in the North demonstrate, that the old Democratic party is reduced to a skeleton, and can nowhere stand against the Opposition, if the elements of the Opposition will combine. This party, so long invincible through the charm of its name and the drill of its organization, is stripped of its power and trembles upon the verge of dissolution. If the Opposition will only be wise, it has the power to extinguish it at a blow. The great traitorous combination which, in the name of Democracy, has dared to strike a parricidal blow at the cause of Freedom and progress on this Continent, may itself be cloven down in the act. It is a time when minor differences should be forgotten, and when all should unite to complete the overthrow of those arch-traitors who, professing, in their own language, to believe this to be a 'nigger era,' have instituted their atrocious experiment upon the public credulity and the public sense of right."—*Tribune, March* 15, 1855.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in March, 1856.

"It were wrong to deny that the party most confident of a triumphant issue from the next Presidential contest is that which uses the name of Democracy to cover and advance the most fanatical devotion to human inequality and the interminable degradation of the wretched and helpless."—*Tribune, March* 31, 1856.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in June, 1856.

"No one who has watched, during the last ten years, the proceedings of those who consider themselves the leaders of the Democratic Party can have failed to observe the lack of all general ideas, of all fundamental political philosophy which characterizes their speeches, their conventions, and their acts. The men who laid the foundations of our republic, and especially Jefferson, had a political philosophy of which the theoretical part was mostly derived from the French authors who preceded and prepared the revolution, and the practical part from the common law and the institutions of England. The fundamental doctrine of that philosophy was that each individual man is possessed of certain inalienable rights, and that government is but the instrument for the protection of those rights. How shamefully the party has departed from this principle we do not now propose to inquire. It is rather the absence of all principle, and the decision of questions of the gravest importance upon considerations of policy utterly unworthy of statesmen, to which we wish to invite attention."—*Tribune, June* 23, 1856.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in April, 1857.

"The Council of Sachems of the Tammany Society are the masters, for the time being, of Tammany Hall. They close it peremptorily against any party or faction which they pro-

nounce heretodox; they open it to that committee or faction on which they deign to smile, which thereupon becomes clothed with all the potentialities and splendors rightfully pertaining to the regular Democracy of the city of New York. And for this 'regular Democracy,' or whoever may wear its countersign, there are ten to twenty thousand electors in this city who will shout and sweat and vote—whose sweet voices are the unquestioned property of whoever has the 'open sesame' of Tammany Hall. And what is this Tammany Society? A secret, self-created, self-perpetuating cabal, mainly of aspiring politicians, with a few who once were but are so no longer. It is in essence as thorough an aristocracy as Sparta or Venice ever knew. It is an organized conspiracy to give to the selfish intrigues of the few the appearance and weight due only to the disinterested convictions and intelligent decisions of the many. It is a part of the game by which Government is made to subserve the end of aggrandizing the directors of political machinery at the cost of the simple and credulous multitude."—*Tribune.*

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in April, 1858.

"In contemplating the Democratic party as it now is, and comparing it with the Democratic party as it used to be, whether of the time of Jefferson or of the time of Jackson, one is forcibly reminded of that metaphysical pair of silk stockings which by dint of repeated darning had become entirely worsted, without a single thread of silk left in them. Very much the same is the present predicament of that which calls itself the Democratic party. No pair of stockings, whether silk or of any other texture, was ever put to such hard usage, to such perpetual and consuming wear, as of late years the Democratic party has been. As a natural consequence, holes have broken out in every direction. These holes, it is true, have been very diligently darned with whatever material came readiest to hand—at a vast expense, too, to the Treasury; the public expenditures have mightily increased under the operation. Appearances have been kept up. The outward forms, the old name, have been preserved. The stockings are still called silk, and as such to a certain extent pass muster, or have, till quite lately, with an undiscerning and unscrutinizing public. But when we come to examine them a little closely, how small a modicum of the original texture or even of the nominal material do we find left! Without stopping to call attention to the holes in the party which Buchanan and Toucey, old Federalists, and renegade Whigs, are now filling, how completely in the matter of principle and sentiment has this so-called Democratic party ceased to be silk and become totally worsted!"—*Tribune, April* 5, 1858.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in September, 1858.

"It was once the boast of the Democratic party, carefully confined in its enunciation to quarters in which a suspicion of culture and refinement could do no harm, that it had selected the cleverest men of letters in the land. It must be admitted that the claim was not destitute of presumption, and that nominally the show was a fair one. Several able writers were called by the party name, swallowed the party pap, and paraded themselves as the ornaments, if not the safeguards of the party. Their condescension was tolerably requited by an organization, the Chief of which could not spell, and the Camp-followers of which could not read. Mr. Irving was called a Democrat, and was sent to Spain and to his beloved Alhambra. Mr. Bancroft was dubbed a Democrat, and was made Collector of Boston, and Minister at St. James. Mr. Paulding was denominated a Democrat, and received a port-folio at Washington. Mr. Brownson was christened a Democrat, and was appointed Master of Chelsea Hospital. These, however, were but nibblers at the gigantic loaf of Executive patronage, while the disposition of the slices indicated with painful accuracy the predominating tastes of the Democracy. At Washington, its newspaper was sometimes strong, always coarse, and never polished. General Jackson could not write the English language; Mr. Van Buren used it adroitly, but never with the skill or the taste of a scholar; Mr. Polk, if he ever entertained the least passion for letters, never told his love, and succeeded charmingly in concealing it; Mr. Pierce was a country lawyer, who read what he was obliged to read and nothing more; Mr. Buchanan's literary aspirations culminated nearly a century ago in the dubious shape of a more dubious Fourth-of-July Oration, for uttering which he has indubitably cursed himself and his stars ninety and nine times. Of the Democratic Doctors we know nothing and care to know nothing. Of the Democratic Lawyers, we can only say that, if the National bar can yield us no brighter National bench, the brilliancy of its members may be utterly blinding in a Piepowder Court, but has not thus far illuminated loftier tribunals. Of Democratic Clergymen, we may remark that we never saw one, and never heard of one, if we except those good men who guard the morals of our pious tars, and minister to the souls deceased of our Senators and Representatives."—*Tribune.*

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats of Massachusetts in 1858.

"Among the many Peculiar Institutions of this great country, there is perhaps none more peculiar than the Democratic Party of Massachusetts. We might say, the Democratic Party of Boston, as there are very few members of it out of Boston, and out of the number of those earnestly longing to get there in the service of their country. The policy of the Democratic leaders in this city has been, since Jackson first came into

power, to keep the party 'conveniently small,' as somebody well expressed it, so that the Treasury pap should not be wasted on the unworthy, or its messes—distributable to the children of light—be unduly diminished by an infinitessimal subdivision. In fact, the Lady Patronesses of Almack's never tried to keep that exclusive institution select more zealously than the Boston Democratiarchs have always labored to preserve their esoteric priesthood safe from the invasion of exoteric intruders. It is taken for granted that the Democratic Party can get along extremely well without Massachusetts; and it is by no means desirable that the small remnant that is left of the faithful in that world lying first in Whiggery and now in Republicanism should lose any portion of their reward through an undue competition for the crown of their martyrdom."—*Tribune, October* 11, 1858.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in May, 1859.

"But, if we are to believe the assertions of Democratic presses and leaders, their quarrels are soon to cease and determine forever. Old controversies are not merely to be ignored—they are to be annihilated. Not only in the statute of limitations to be adjudged to have run against all past offences, but they are, by solemn resolution, to be declared never to have existed. Not only is there to be no reference in thought or word to the repudiation of Van Buren in 1844, and the assassination of Wright in 1846; to the corner-stone scrimmage of 1847, and the Buffalo bolt of 1848; to the slaughter of the Hard innocents by Marcy and Pierce, and the cold-shouldering of Dickenson's friends by Buchanan—but all recollections of these and cognate events is to be obliterated. The hatchet is to be buried. The Gerohomos and the Leonii are to embrace and to be brothers. There is to be no more breaking of heads in Tammany; no more packing of State Conventions; no more double delegations to National Conventions; no more Wood and Sickles brawls; no more 'running of the machine' at Syracuse by Peter Cagger; no more wrangling at Albany; no more cheating at Washington; Capulet, the Hard, and Montague, the Soft, are to smoke the pipe of peace—our venerable President, by seniority of years, laying his benedictive hands upon the heads of the two houses. If any suggestion of ours can facilitate this devoutly-wished consummation, they will be cheerfully given, on request, to the chiefs of the high contracting parties."—*Tribune, May* 18, 1859.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in October, 1859.

"Right well do the rich Democrats know that illegal voting—voting by aliens, by minors, and by persons who have not lived here long enough to entitle them to the right of suffrage—voting two, three, five, ten, and even twenty times at the same election—is the malignant cancer of our political system. They knew that herein is the stronghold of blackleg potency and rowdy predominance in our city elections. Mr. Watts Sherman could only vote more than once in any election with great difficulty and danger; but Tague Maloney and Hans Spifferdecker could hitherto put in their dozen votes each at an election with ease and impunity. It is as notorious in well-informed political circles, that Robert H. Morris was once returned Mayor of this city by six thousand majority, when he had not six hundred (if any) majority of the legal votes; that Aaron Clarke was run out by voting the same men over and over against him; that James K. Polk had a large majority returned for him here when Henry Clay beat him largely on the legal poll; that Wood was first made Mayor by some two thousand declared majority, when Baker beat him as many on the legal poll; that Buchanan was declared to have received forty-five thousand votes here, when his actual legal vote was less than forty thousand; and that in the last Mayoralty election not less than fifteen thousand illegal votes were polled—not all on one side, though Wood received by far the most of them."—*Tribune, October* 15, 1859.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in July, 1860.

"The utter impotence and paralysis into which the once proud and powerful Democratic party has fallen is evinced in many ways, but in none more strikingly than in the character of its lies and liars. How its orators and journals used absolutely to rain calumnies on Adams and Clay and Harrison, and in later days on Seward and Fremont!—none of your little, contemptible, picayune falsehoods, but great, fat, black lies, that had venom and sting in them—lies that evinced originality, audacity, and even genius."—*Tribune, July* 9, 1860.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats of Pennsylvania in 1860.

"Men of Pennsylvania! we state to you facts drawn from official records—facts of the widest notoriety. You know whether *The Tribune*, located in this focus of importation and of Free-Trade influence, has ever faltered in its support of Protection, or has been earnest and out-spoken through the twenty years of its existence. You cannot shake *our* devotion to the cause which we know to be that of Industrial Development and the National growth, even by repeating the idiotic madness of 1844. But there are others less tenacious because less deeply grounded in conviction than we are; and we

tell you that the triumph of Pro-Slavery Democrats in the pending contest in your State will be regarded and treated by the country as an avowal on your part that you do not really want a Protective Tariff. In other words, 'if Pennsylvania does as she did in '44 she will reap just such a reward for it as she did in '46.' And who can say that she will not have deserved it?"—*Tribune, September* 26, 1860.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in November, 1861.

"Certain Democratic politicians of our own and other loyal States, who regard everything from a partisan stand-point, are seduloously inculcating the belief that the ascendancy of their party would put an end to the present civil war. Now if it were distinctly proclaimed that the Democrats, if restored to power, would make peace with the Rebels on their own terms, the assertion would be by no means incredible. But the impression sought to be made that the Pro-Slavery rebels would lay down their arms and return to loyalty if their old friends the Democrats were in power at Washington, is utterly unwarranted by facts. The Secessionist Master-Spirits are thorough believers in what Gov. Seward once felicitously termed the 'irrepressible conflict.' They hold with Mr. Lincoln in 1858, that the Country cannot permanently remain half slave and half free. And, despairing of their ability to master and rule it persistently and thoroughly, they have fully resolved to segregate and tear away what they esteem their half of it completely and forever. Holding themselves gentlemen and cavaliers by birth and breeding they revolt against Democracy not less than against Anti-Slavery. They repudiate the present Administration as a Government of snobs rather than of fanatics. They never feared that President Lincoln would meddle with their slaves, but they cannot bear the thought of being governed by a flat-boatman and rail-splitter. It is that inevitable tendency of Northern ideas and institutions to raise the sons of clodhoppers and cobblers to the high places of the land that has plunged the Chivalry of the Rice-Swamp and the Cotton-field into the gulf of rebellion. They mean to make an end of the rule of 'mudsills' whether of one or the other party, and will no longer be placated by the utmost servility to 'the peculiar institution.' Hence all attempts to coax them back into the Union by a restoration of Democratic rule and a prospect of its continuance are certain to prove illusory."—*Tribune, March* 5, 1861.

What H. G. Knew About the Democratic Party in October, 1862.

"If the Democratic journals of the Free States were truly loyal—nay, if they were tolerably honest—they would let their readers know that a peace with the Rebels is impossible, because no peace can be had which does not involve the absolute ruin of the Republic. Henry May, M. C. from Baltimore, a dubious Unionist, elected in good part by the Secession vote, went to Richmond more than a year ago expressly to ascertain on what terms the Confederates would make peace. They promptly assured him that no terms that involve a restoration of the Union were admissible—that, if they were offered a blank sheet of paper, with authority to write on it their own conditions of reunion, they would reject it. This has for many months been a matter of notoriety; but how many of the Pro-Slavery journals of the Free States have given it circulation? Has it ever been alluded to in any speech of Gov. Seymour or any one of his supporters? Lieut. Maury wrote last Spring from Richmond a letter to a French friend, intended to serve as a Rebel manifesto. In this letter he distinctly declared that the terms of peace which would be insisted on by his fellow-Rebels were such as the Unionists would not and could not accede to until they should be in the last stages of exhaustion. They would have West Virginia, which never adhered to but has always opposed them, and they would require a popular vote to be taken in Kentucky, Missouri, and Delaware, to decide whether those States respectively should belong to the Union or the Confederacy. And the Lieutenant, though he crammed his letter with atrocious falsehoods, was frank enough to admit that he did not expect the Unionists to submit to such terms until after they shall have been very badly whipped."—*Tribune, October* 2, 1862.

What H. G. Knew About the Democratic Party in 1863.

"It must be confessed that the Democracy of the State of Maine dies very hard. It seems to have set its obdurate heart upon departing this life in any thing but a smell of sanctity; and now, when it holds Conventions, which must be like a collection of sick folk in a hospital, it always passes resolutions which modern events have rendered ridiculous, though we don't deny that ten years ago they would have been strictly after the regulation pattern. The trouble with these honest gentlemen is, that having all their lives been licking the feet of slaveholders, for the sake of the place and pelf, no severity of kicking can rid them of the habit. Dirt-eating, as the West-Indian doctors inform us, is an incurable disease, but who would have expected to find the same odd trouble in the nosology of Maine? It is an exceedingly unpleasant business. The contemplation of it has an adverse influence upon the stomachs of sound men. Now, in the midst of this hot civil war, in which the devil is contending for the everlasting continuance of human degradation, to find beings who wear coats and not petticoats, breeches and not bodices, owlishly resolving all sorts of flummery in favor of their foes, and sending little bits of cringing sophistry, with their best compliments, into the enemy's camp—it is dreadful! It almost converts

us to the doctrine of the inequality of the races. They cannot—these Maine Dough Democrats—be of the same flesh and blood with the brave fellows who are fighting our battles. The ways of Providence are past finding out. Why, in the name of our limited reason, are these gentry free in the East, while respectable blacks are slaves in the South? Alas! this boasted Ethnology is more of a muddle than ever! If white skins must thus betray their possessors into servility, most honorable Caucasians will weep that they were not born as black as night."—*Tribune.*

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in 1867.

"*The World*, apparently speaking in the interest of our city hotels and restaurants, proposes that a Convention be held of those Democrats who suffered from arbitrary arrests during the Lincoln reign. Such a Convention could only be lodged and fed in New York City, and it would tax our resources to the utmost. It would be a great discourtesy to hold such a Convention unless it could be presided over by J. Wilkes Booth as Chairman, with the assistance of Paine, Atzerott, Surratt, Blackburn, and others equally distinguished, as Vice Presidents. So many of these have reached their final destination, and the rest are so plainly on their way, that it would save a heavy expense in lights and fuel to wait till they have all got there. We have no desire to be present at the Convention, or to send any of our reporters. But we venture to predict that for the first time in the history of Democratic Conventions, cold water will be in lively demand and the supply limited."—*Tribune, October* 30, 1867.

"The great Gorilla of the Democracy is filling the air with his demoniacal howling, and beating his breast like a tremendous drum, to express his savage joy over the first full meal he has had after years of enforced abstinence. Eat your fill now, Gorilla, for you will never have another chance!"—*Tribune, November* 11, 1867.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in 1868.

"In those dark years when the slaveholder ruled from Boston to New Orleans, the Democratic party cheerfully wore his collar, and when he fell from power it still howled and barked at the heels of the nation throughout the long and agonizing struggle for life. This virtue at least it had—the fidelity with which an ill-treated cur sometimes follows a brutal master, and it is faithful yet. The slaveholder is dead, but over his grave the Democratic party whines and raves in the hope that some miracle may yet work his resurrection. Loving the dead master so well, it hates the liberated slave. Look for the purpose which controls its action, and it may be found only in its mad, unreasoning, inhuman hatred of the negro. Take this away, and the party falls to pieces. Without the inspiration of hate Democracy becomes no more than a disorganized faction, a superannuated rioter, and a sturdy beggar for office. If the colored race in this country had ever given cause for hatred, some excuse, however slight, might be made for their persecutors. But they have committed no offence. In Slavery they carried the virtue of patience to an excess which made it almost a crime. Aliens and outcasts and pariahs, Christians who were forbidden to read the Bible, forbidden to marry, yet condemned to see their women held in concubinage by their masters; counted as men and sold as beasts—this people mutely endured unparalelled oppression for generations without striking a blow. Here, in the North, the colored race has always been law-abiding and orderly; it is only in the large cities that they become corrupted to any great extent, and even in New York there is no case known in which they hung Democrats upon lampposts, or burned down asylums for Democratic orphans. Patience and fortitude and forgiveness greater than theirs the world has never seen, and in a Christian nation there has never been a meaner spectacle than their persecution. Pitiful, indeed, is the political party whose solitary great principle is hatred of the negro, and whose chief aim is to keep him in ignorance and bondage."—*Tribune, February* 6, 1868.

"What is a Conservative? We ask the question with some interest, because we notice that Mr. A. Belmont, banker, and chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has issued an invitation to all Conservatives to join with the Democrats in the next Fourth of July Convention in this city. Chalk we understand to be chalk, and cheese we have good reason for believing to be cheese; but that chalk is cheese, or that cheese is chalk, we stand prepared unflinchingly to deny. A Conservative Democrat is an incarnate contradiction. Conservatism halts, hesitates, trembles, doubts, and turns its gaze wistfully to the past. Democracy advances, is confident, is bold, is decided, and looks hopefully to the future; but a Conservative Democrat must have one eye at least in the back of his head, weeping for extinct despotisms, while with the other eye in his forehead he marks the signs of human advancement. It would be a very curious physiological circumstance if it should turn out that Mr. Belmont's delegates, the Democratic Conservatives and the Conservative Democrats resemble each other in having

both eyes in the back regions, exhibiting something of 'a hungry look,' by reason of their neighborhood to the phrenological organ of alimentiveness."—*Tribune, April* 20, 1868.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in 1869.

"There have been men and women who, rejecting as fable the whole record of historical Christianity, have held general meetings for the vindication and the promulgation of their incredulity; but we have never heard of any Infidel Convention which had the audacity to appropriate to its own skeptical uses the hallowed birth of our Saviour. We offer this illustration of the absurdity of a Democratic National Convention on the Fourth of July in no irreverent spirit. It will occur, undoubtedly, to many serious minds, and it naturally springs from the self-suggesting analogy between religious and political apostacy. Its extraordinary misnomer, under which it doggedly maintains the most aristocratic of notions, while it is theoretically devoted to the cause of universal freedom, having become a device too stale to deceive even babes and sucklings, the Democratic party has resorted to the ingenious expedient of meeting upon the present anniversary, and fancying that windy professions of patriotism will not be too severely criticised upon a day sacred to Liberty."—*Tribune, July* 4, 1868.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in 1871.

"We learn with pleasure that quite a number of the Democratic leaders have resolved to push B. Gratz Brown, the new Governor of Missouri, for next President. We do not see how they could better this choice. Gratz isn't much to look at, but he has ideas in his head, and is rather honest for a successful politician. He was a good second-rate Editor, makes a fair speech, is a radical Free-Trader, and can get some negro as well as some white Republican votes; whereas any known Copperhead will get none of either but those who can't help themselves. If the Democrats were in the ascendant, they wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole—that we all understand—but they are the under dog at present, and must resort to strategy to get uppermost. We assure them that they might select a much worse candidate than Gratz Brown; and since he has just helped Frank Blair into the Senate, we assume that the Blair family will go their length for him. They mustn't attempt to put him off with the Vice-Presidency, for he has already a better place; bu if they will suppress their Ku-Klux, put themselves on their good behavior for two years, run Gratz Brown for President, make a noise about the Tariff in the next Congress, but take care not to pass any bill till they get control of the White House, they have a chance to win the next election. If they choose to run a clean Copperhead ticket, on a platform that ignores the last ten years of our country's history, the road is a beaten one, and they ought, by this time, to know whither it leads them. We can but give them good counsel; they can take it or not at the same price."—*Tribune, February* 6, 1871.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in January, 1867.

"Suffice it that, as the result of a most anxious, intent contemplation of the history of our great struggle, we do most undoubtingly believe that the Democrats, as a party, were not at heart for the Union in its terrible struggle with Secession—that they did not rejoice at its triumphs nor deplore its defeats. We do not say that a majority of them wished the Union permanently dissolved; we know, and have often stated, that they did not; but they believed that Union defeats and disasters would discredit and destroy the Republican ascendancy, and that they would thereupon come into power and coax the Rebels back into the Union by all manner of concessions and prostrations to the Slave Power. They had no notion that the Union could (or should) be saved otherwise than by letting the slaveholders have their way in it; and the road to this, they realized, lay not through Union victories but the contrary."—*Tribune, January* 28, 1867.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in October, 1867.

"If there were neither a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is. Neither elementary instruction nor knowledge of transpiring events is needed to teach the essential articles of the Democratic creed: 'Love men and hate niggers.' The less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to 'vote the reg'lar ticket from A to Izzard.' But Republicanism rests on a radically different basis, and is sustained by wholly diverse considerations. It lives by Intelligence; it dies in the inky, stifling atmosphere of Ignorance. Canvass almost any township in the land, and distinguish those who take from those who fail to take a newspaper, and you will find that two-thirds of those who take vote Republican, while three-fourths of those who read nothing but a chance paper picked up for a few moments in a bar-room vote the Democratic ticket, and will not be persuaded to touch any other."—*Tribune, October* 11, 1867.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in March, 1868.

"When the Democratic orators talk of forgiveness we are ready to listen to them, for forgiveness is a manly and a Christian duty; but when they ask us to forget, they make a demand to which, without eradicating our manhood, it is impossible to accede. Is there anything to be ashamed of in the struggles of the Republic to govern itself that the citizens of the Republic should banish them from recollection? Was it a good deed to rebel? Was it a bad one to encounter and suppress rebellion?"—*Tribune, March* 5, 1868.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in August, 1869.

"The question now arresting the attention of the public, 'Is the Democratic party alive or dead?' is susceptible of opposite answers, according as it is understood. It is the old perplexity of Giles Scroggins on awaking from a perplexity of Alcoholic obfuscation: 'Now be I Giles Scroggins, or ben't I? If I be Giles Scroggins I have lost four good oxen; if I ben't, I have found a cart.' On the whole, we judge that the Democracy of 1872 will remind the country of that of 1868 by contrast rather than by similarity. It will evince a youthful friskiness and contempt for old fogyism, and insist that it is thoroughly posted as to the time of day. We shall not be surprised to find it nominating a colored Vice President and clamorous for a conciliation and fraternization of all races and castes. There are no more zealous Christians than are made of veteran reprobates when they *do* get converted, and we expect to see the Republicans left away in the back ground whenever Democracy shall see its account in a zealous and sweeping assertion of the inalienable Rights of Man. And, so far from objecting to this, we shall only insist that they do not claim that they abolished Slavery and put down the Rebellion, overcoming the most strenuous resistance of the Republicans. *That* would be going a trifle too far, and anything short of it we shall endure with serene patience and bland equanimity."—*Tribune, August* 31, 1869.

What H. G. Knew about the Democrats in November, 1870.

"The next Congress is an affliction to those confiding Democrats who innocently looked for a majority. To break the force of their disappointment, the *World* parades a table, wherein it counts nothing but Democratic gains in the States yet to hold elections, claims Democrats where Republicans are elected, magnifies to ludicrous dimensions the Revenue Reform diversion, and caps the climax by counting all the Democrats as Free Traders."—*Tribune, November* 17, 1870.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in March, 1871.

"The Democratic party of to-day is simply the Rebellion seeking to achieve its essential purposes within and through the Union. A victory which does not enable it to put its feet on the necks of the Black race seems to the bulk of its adherents not worth having. Its heart is just where it was when it regarded Slavery and the Constitution as two names for one thing. It hates the Generals who led the Union Armies to Victory, and rarely misses a chance to disparage them. It clings to that exaggerated notion of State Rights which makes them the shield of all manner of wrongs and abuses. It takes counsel of its hates even more than of its aspirations, and will be satisfied with no triumph that does not result in the expulsion of all active, earnest Republicans from the South."—*Tribune, March* 23, 1871.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in April, 1871.

"To 'Love rum and hate niggers' has so long been the essence of the Democratic faith that the cooler, wiser heads of the party vainly spend their strength in efforts to lift it out of the rut in which they plainly see that it can only run to perdition. While Slavery endured, negro-hate was an element of positive strength in our political contests, so that the Constitutional Conventions of this and other free States were usually carried by the Democrats on the strength of appeals to the coarser and baser whites to 'Let the nigger know his place.'"—*Tribune, April* 7, 1871.

What H. G. Knew about the Democratic Party in September, 1871.

"The world will be moved to mirth if it reads the manifesto of the National Democratic Executive Committee disowning the Democratic paternity of the pamphlet, 'Concession, or How the Lost Cause May be regained, and the Independence of the South Secured.' Nobody supposed that the National Democratic Committee had authorized the issue of the pamphlet; but it is Democratic in tone and temper for all that, and it speaks the honest sentiments, no doubt, of thousands of Southern Democrats, who will, in defiance of repeated winks and nods of disapproval from the Democratic Managers, persist in talking about the possibilities of the Lost Cause at the most unseemly times. But the suggestion that the Radicals have concocted this precious farrago of nonsense and treason for electioneering purposes is quite as ludicrous as the vaunt that the Democracy is the only party that can 'bring about return to honesty and constitutional laws.' This last phrase is exquisite fooling."—*Tribune, September* 6, 1871.

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